

D7 (Palm)

© Copyright 2009 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

This work may not be reposted or redistributed without the prior express written permission of the author.

A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Saturday morning, looking around in the automotive section of the local home center. One of the staff walked up to me; he looked like someone's grandfather. Might not be a bad retirement job I thought; work a few hours a day and let other people entertain you.

"Help you find something?" he asked.

"I need a tow cable," I responded, looking over the shelves.

"How far do you need to go?"

"About three or four feet," I told him.

"And just what are you going to tow?" He asked with suspicious eye and wrinkled brow.

"Palm tree," I said, looking him in the eye.

He grunted. "Be right back." He walked to a store phone at the end of the aisle, punched some numbers, had a brief conversation. A short time later another grandfather-type came over to join him; they conversed briefly and walked over to me. I'd found the tow cables, a large array of variety, styles, and prices.

"So you're going to tow a palm tree?" the newer old guy asked.

I smiled. "Yep. Only need to take it a few feet."

He nodded. "What kind?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Volunteer."

He gave me a, "Hrmpf," then, "How tall?"

I indicate about mid-chest high, four feet or so.

“How big around at the base?” he asked.

I made a circle about ten to twelve inches in diameter with my hands and said, “And it’s probably got roots going halfway to Milpitas...”

He smiled and nodded his head. “You got *that* right. What are you going to tow it with?”

“Jeep Grand Cherokee with a V8.”

He nodded again and pointed to a yellow nylon tow strap. “That one will do it. Wrap it as low as you can and take it slow; you want to *ease* it out of the ground, not jerk it out. And wear gloves.”

I picked up the recommended device and held out my hand. “Thanks. I appreciate it.”

We shook hands; I headed for the checkout queues.

I drove home but pulled up across the street in front of Bev’s house. I’d helped with her place for the last couple of years or so since her husband died. She’s a great gal, an ICU nurse at one of the local hospitals. She’s got two small kids. Well, not so small anymore -- were they in second and third grade now, or first and second? Her Volvo was parked in the driveway. She’d told me about the volunteer palm tree, how she wanted it gone, and how her gardening service kept ignoring her requests. Well, we’d had enough rain to soften the ground, and it would make a good Christmas present. I’d even gotten a big red bow to put on the thing. I’ll do the deed and announce it afterwards.

I backed the Jeep up the curb and got my new instrument of destruction. I wrapped a few turns of the wide yellow strap around the base of the palm, securing the hook back over it. The other end went to the tow hitch on the Jeep. I got in, put it in four wheel low, lowered the driver’s window so I could look out, and eased forward slowly.

I felt the slack pull up, and pressed gently on the accelerator. The jeep moved forward a little, forward a little, I heard popping noises, and then moved three or four feet freely. I was done. I backed up to the curb again and parked, got my bow and gloves, and went to look at my work.

The sucker did have roots going to Milpitas -- an incredible ball of roots, some half an inch in diameter, probably over a hundred. I put on my gloves, took off the tow cable and tossed it into the Jeep. I put the bow on my prize and carried it up to the front porch, where I rang the bell.

“Be right there!” I heard from inside the house. A bit later Bev opened the door, wearing a robe, a towel around her head.

“Merry Christmas,” I told her, my prize next to me.

She looked with surprise, then laughed. “Thank you so much! Just what I wanted! Can you come in for a minute?”

“Sure, love to,” I said. I leaned her prize against the house and took off my gloves.

“Could you put it in the planter? Jerry across the street said he might actually like it.”

“No problem,” I said. I’d gotten one glove off, and stupidly picked it up with both hands. As I put it down in the planter in front of the house I felt a sharp pain in the heel of my left hand, the one without the glove. I let go of it and said a bad word; actually a few bad words. It felt as if something was sticking into my hand, which was bleeding surprisingly well.

“Come in here and let me take care of that,” Bev said. I dropped the gloves on the porch and we went into the kitchen.

She rinsed my hand under the sink; we could see something in the fleshy part of my hand below the thumb. “That’s why they’re called razor palms I guess,” she said. “I’ll get my kit. Stay right there.”

I shook my head. I wasn’t going anywhere. At least my hands were clean. She returned a few moments later, wearing gloves, rinsed my hand a little more, then moved us over a little to a better light. She grabbed a hemostat and started gently prodding the wound.

“I don’t think it likes you. Relax and we’ll get this out,” she told me

She put the end of the hemostat on a little nub sticking out of my hand and started to pull. It hurt, but not that bad. I looked up momentarily, then back down again. Big mistake -- when I looked down I could see about half an inch of thorn covered with blood that had been pulled out, and about an equal amount still under the skin, inside my hand.

I guess my lights went out; the next thing I knew I was on my back on the kitchen floor and Bev was slapping my face gently. “Ken, don’t do this to me; come on, Ken.”

I was woozy but tried to laugh. I opened my eyes and watched the room swim a little. “I’m okay now. Sorry about that.” I tried to sit up but she held me down.

“Stay there, please. Do you know where you are?”

I smiled and sighed. I knew the routine; I’m an emergency medical responder at work. “Bev, I’m on my back on your kitchen floor, it’s Saturday morning, and I hope you pulled the rest of that thing out of my hand while my lights were out. I’m sorry.”

She nodded as she put a hand on my forehead. “Okay, here times four, and yes I got it out, I think all of it. I want to check your blood pressure. How’s your head feel?”

Was my head supposed to feel some way? “Okay I guess, still spinning a bit. Did I try and break your floor on the way down?” I was guessing I hit hard.

She returned with her blood pressure cuff. “I’ll admit it -- you surprised me, and I wasn’t in a good position to catch you.” She put the stethoscope ends in her ears and checked my pulse and blood pressure.

“You’re in good shape, aside from being wimpy about the sight of your own blood.”

I chuckled. “Clean living does it again. I don’t think it was the blood as much as the size of the thing in my hand. It surprised me, too.”

She sat on the floor and worked my hand a bit more. I closed my eyes.

“Ken? You still with me?” she said in a hurry.

I opened my eyes. “Yes, no problems. I just didn’t want to see any more.”

She shook her head. “Well, keep your eyes open, just look in another direction for a moment.”

“Yes, nurse,” I said.

She stopped and gave me a frown. “Now was that called for?”

I smiled. “I’m sorry. How about -- yes, dear. Is that better?”

That got me more of a smile. “Yes, that’s much better. Now you can turn away for a moment, and relax.”

I turned my head to the side and sighed as she poked and prodded, turning and rolling the skin. “Feel anything?” she asked.

“It’s sore, but it doesn’t feel like anything is left in me.”

“Okay, I’ll bandage it up; let’s keep a close watch on it for a few days. When’s the last time you had a tetanus shot?”

Ooh... “No clue, they just gave us the new Hepatitis vaccine at work, but I don’t remember when I had a tetanus booster last.”

“Well, we can take a ride after while then. Feel like sitting up?”

“Sure,” I said, and she helped me sit up slowly. I started to get up but she put a firm hand on my shoulder. “Scoot you butt over against the wall. You’re not going anywhere for a while. Would you like some lunch?”

I scooted. “Yes dear. Where are the kids? It’s awfully quiet.”

She laughed. “Wonderfully quiet. Their grandparents picked them up after school yesterday and took them up to the snow. They won’t be back until late Monday.” Monday was a holiday for some; I had to work.

“I don’t get Monday off, do you?”

She looked down at me as she cleaned things up on the counter. “Nope. And, I’m on call tomorrow, but fairly far down the list.”

She looked very attractive from where I was sitting. Bev is in her mid thirties and in good shape. About the only good thing about her husband kicking off was that it left her very well off financially. I knew she’d worked with a financial planner I’d recommended and was pleased with his suggestions.

“May I move to a chair now? There’s a cold draft down here.”

She laughed and walked over to me, bending down and helped me stand slowly. I could smell her soft skin and see her breasts move inside the fluffy soft robe.

“Let’s sit you down by the fire so you can stay warm.” She walked me carefully into the family room; there was a very nice fire going in the fireplace. She sat me on the couch.

“I’ll finish drying and get dressed after I put on some soup,” she told me.

“You look great to me,” I said.

She gave me a smile and said, “Thanks. Stay put and holler if you need me.” She walked off.

I looked at the bandage on my left hand. I undid my shoes with my right hand and slipped them off, leaned back and closed my eyes, enjoying the crackling and warmth of the fire. I should use my own fireplace more often. I tended to live in a few rooms of the house, leaving the rest closed up. Some times no matter how much I turn up the heat, it still feels cold.

I don’t know what I was thinking about; it wasn’t pleasant, when I heard a soft voice say, “What’s wrong?”

I opened my eyes -- they were a little teary -- and Bev was leaning down next to me. Her short brown hair was dry; she was still wearing the robe, and the way she was standing gave me a very nice view.

“I don’t know. Cold, something,” I told her, looking into her blue eyes. Both her kids had her blue eyes.

She touched me gently on the shoulder. "I'll get us some soup."

She returned with a tray containing a two soup bowls, some bread, butter, utensils. She put the tray down on the floor in front of the fire, sat down and said, "Care to join me?"

I swung down carefully and joined her next to the fire.

We sat there talking as we had our soup and bread, talking about the neighborhood, things at school, the kids. She refilled our soup bowls and got some more bread. We kept on talking after we'd finished eating.

Suddenly she stopped and gave me a funny look.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Do you realize how wonderful it is to sit and speak to an adult, especially without being interrupted?"

I laughed. "I know it's wonderful to sit here and talk to you. It's wonderful to just be here with you."

She smiled and moved a little closer. Our hands touched. We sat for an indeterminate period looking in each other's eyes. Then the sound of the wind picking up brought me back. I turned and looked to the front door of the house.

"What?" she asked.

"I don't think I closed the windows on the Jeep." I turned to her. "May I get up now?"

She smiled and said, "Yes, if you do it slowly."

As I got up she leaned back on her elbows. "Could you bring in some more firewood? Use your gloves."

I slipped my shoes on. "Sure, no problem."

I went out the front door and got my gloves. The sky was dark and threatening. Sure enough, the driver's window was still rolled down. I took care of that. I went around to the side of the house and got some firewood, making a few trips to replenish the pile by the front door, then put the cover securely over the wood pile at the side of the house. I brought in an armload and set it down next to the hearth. I was about to add some to the fire when I heard Bev.

"Don't put any more on just yet, we need to go out for a bit."

It sounded like she was upstairs. “Okay,” I said, and went to the downstairs bathroom. When I got out she was coming down the stairs wearing jeans and a turtleneck.

“Will you stay for dinner?” she asked, rearranging her hair with her hands.

I smiled, taking a deep breath looking at her wonderful curves. “Twist my arm,” I told her.

She chuckled. “Get your jacket then, I’ll drive. We have a couple of things to pick up, and we’d better do it quick the way it looks outside.”

I agreed with that. We got into her car and headed off. I was about to ask where we were headed when I saw the hospital signs.

“Where are we going?” I asked, expecting the answer.

She turned to me and put a hand on my leg. “Don’t worry, I’m gentle. We’re getting you a tetanus shot, and then heading to the grocery store.”

I stuck out my lower lip to pout. I knew better than to argue. She laughed. “I’d like to have a picture of that -- the people who work for you would love it.”

I had to laugh at that. We pulled into the staff parking lot and she took me through a maze of halls to the emergency room. She left me in the empty staff lounge, returning a couple minutes later with a young lady carrying two syringes.

“Been picking on poor helpless palm trees, I hear?” she said as she walked in.

“It fought back fairly well,” I told her, rolling up a sleeve.

She shook her head, smiling. “Nah, bend over the table and drop ‘em.”

I must have given them a strange look. Bev crossed her arms and gave me a stern look. “Or would you like me to help,” she said, a smile peeking through.

“Yes dear,” I said, standing up. I turned to the table, loosened my belt, dropped my pants and underwear.

“Very nice -- elbows on the table please,” said the gal with the syringes.

I sighed and leaned over. I felt something cold wipe two spots on my bottom.

“Now put your weight on the other leg and relax this side as much as you can. The more you relax the easier it will be,” she told me.

I shifted my weight and sighed, letting go on one side. I felt her moving the flesh around some, then a sharp jab for a couple of seconds, then it was done. "Other side, same thing -- antibiotic," she told me. I sighed, did as I was told, and got poked again.

"Good boy! Now both of you get lost before I have to do a shitload of paperwork."

By the time I pulled up my pants and turned to thank her, she was gone. I laughed to Bev. "What a wonderful bedside manner! Thank her very much for me."

She chuckled and we walked out. I could feel a twinge still.

We went to the grocery store to pick up stuff for dinner; I got to push the cart. As we walked by the cold beverages section I asked Bev, "Got any popcorn at the house?"

She said, "Yes, why?"

"Ever had champagne and popcorn?"

She smiled. "No."

I grabbed a bottle of real champagne. "My treat. You'll like it."

I also grabbed a bottle of red wine to have with our red meat. Bev paid for the food, I paid for the booze. As we got back to her place, the sky opened up, rain coming down in buckets. I wasn't going to get the Christmas lights put up on either of our houses today. She pulled into the garage this time so we could take our goodies directly into the house while staying dry. I built up the fire while she put things away. When I went into the kitchen she had the popcorn popper going. I started taking the wire off the champagne bottle; she got two glasses. When the popper stopped, she dumped the popped corn into a large bowl and mixed in some melted butter and a little salt. She put that and some paper napkins on the tray; I grabbed the bottle and the glasses and we returned to the fire.

I opened the bottle once we sat down, and poured two glasses. I gave her one then raised mine. "Merry Christmas, neighbor," I told her.

She smiled and said "Thank you for a wonderful Christmas present. I'm so glad that damn thing is gone, and I don't think the squirrels will miss it."

We laughed and had a sip. We had our champagne and popcorn for a few minutes mostly in silence.

"This is a very good combination," Bev told me as I refilled her glass.

I nodded. "The alcohol in the champagne and the butter in the popcorn cancel each other out, so it's actually good for you."

She gave me a wonderful smile as she put another handful of popcorn into her mouth.

She paused and gave me a wistful look; I saw a little sigh, her shoulders move.

“What?” I asked softly.

She put a hand on mine, shook her head gently side to side. “I don’t know, same thing as you earlier I guess.”

We finished the popcorn. The rain was really coming down now, the wind very noisy. I wiped my hands off, getting rid of the butter and salt. I was wondering if I’d cleaned out all the rain gutters and started to wipe my mouth.

“Don’t do that,” Bev said. I pulled my hand away and looked at her, a little surprised. She took my hand, smiled, and moved closer, closing her eyes and tilting her head slightly.

I closed my eyes as well and we kissed softly, enjoying the last of the butter and the salt from the popcorn. Our tongues danced together, our arms moved around each other. We reclined to the floor and continued, caressing and kissing.

Neither of us in a hurry, slow and gentle, enjoying.

Taking a breather, looking in each others’ eyes, Bev asked, “Humor me?”

I smiled more. “Whatever you like.”

I liked the energy in the smile she gave me.

Sitting up, she pulled a cushion off the chair behind me, but set it up against the front of the chair. “Move over a bit,” she told me, helping me move so I was sitting/leaning up against the cushion.

“Thanks,” she said. “Where were we?”

She moved into my lap, spreading her legs, leaning forward and taking my head in her hands, kissing once more. I ran my hands up her back, holding her, feeling her, but letting her set the pace. I moved my feet closer to my bottom, raising my knees holding her closer.

Another breather, she leaned back against my legs. “Is this all right?” she asked.

“It’s very nice,” I told her, running my hands along her sides lightly.

She sighed and pulled off her top, then unhooked her bra.

“Beautiful,” I whispered.

She leaned closer, sliding a hand behind my head and urging me to a nipple. She moved me around for a bit, but we soon got it right, and when we did, both of us could feel it -- pure magic! I moaned and she sighed; I ran my hands up her back, feeling her bare skin, and she held my head, leaning me back more into the cushion. "Oh, that's it," she whispered to me. I was lost in her, holding her. She moaned, sighed, and whispered to me as she held me.

And she rocked her hips on top of me, I realized before it was too late. I moved my hands to her hips and pulled my head from heaven. "Bev, stop, please," I managed to say.

"Too much?" she asked, leaning forward onto her knees, picking her hips off mine.

I looked into her eyes and shook my head. "No -- too good!" I slid my hands up her torso again, pulling her closer. She settled me on the other nipple, and we quickly found the right alignment. So good... Remembering what she'd been doing, I ran a hand to the crotch of her pants, trying to help. At that first touch, she squeezed my head closer as her hips moved strongly. "Oh God!" she sighed. I tried to help; what I was doing was at once helping yet clearly not enough.

Bev pushed away, up on her knees, hands on my shoulders. Her eyes burned into me. "I'm ready, are you?" she asked simply.

I reached for the button on her pants. She rolled to the side and both of us were soon naked. She moved astride me once again, a hungry smile filling her face as she touched my cock.

I pulled her closer. "Not yet -- let me help you first," I told her.

I was going to lick my fingers to moisten them, but she put a hand behind my head and with a growl pulled me to where I belonged, leaning on me.

Her nipple felt and tasted so good, and the way she cradled my head, there was something so deep and primal about that, so satisfying. And when I touched her, running fingers up her very moist slit to her button, her hips snapped forward and she held me closer, moaning out, "Oh yes! Please!"

Glad to help! I did something right, and she started moaning. She shuddered, moving my head around, and both of us kept on going.

Eventually she cried, "Enough!" and pulled her hips away, then her nipple, but held my head and moved down to kiss me deeply, passionately. My "interest" had flagged somewhat as I concentrated on her; now with her in my lap again, kissing so intensely, running our hands over each other, I perked up again.

"Oh good," she sighed, lifting up a bit and stroking me even more erect. "Now I can return the favor..."

She eased us together, a little at a time, until she was seated with a satisfied sigh. She looked to me with pure lust. She grabbed the hair at the back of my head and started pulling me to a nipple. "Enjoy -- I certainly will..."

So intense, so different from anything I'd experienced before, the way she ground on me so intensely as I got close, cradling my head as I lost it, coming so deep inside her, smothering me briefly between her breasts, moving me to the other side, my head resting on her other breast, hearing and feeling her heart beating as she held me so close.

Her kissing my head brought me back to the planet; she leaned back, hands on my shoulders again. I held her waist.

"Hi there," she said softly.

I sighed -- not much else I could do.

Her smile broadened for a moment, then she got a serious look. "You're not going home tonight -- I need you to stay here, with me."

I nodded. "I would like that very much."

She smiled once more, but once more that smile faded, this time to a look of concern. "Please hold me?"

I pulled her closer, pressing my head against her chest, feeling her arms wrap around me. "I promise," I whispered.

FIN
Rev 2009/08/16

D7
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie/>